







There beginneth the lyf of the moſte myſcheuousſt  
Robert the deuyll whiche was afterwarde called ſ  
ſeruaunt of god.

**I**n beſel in tyme paſt there was a duke in nor  
mandye whiche was called ouberte the whis  
the duke was paſſing ryche of goodes & alſo ver  
tuous of lypynge and loued and doted god aboue a  
thinge and dede grete almoſte dedes and exceded  
all other in ryghewylneſſe and iuſtice/and moſte  
cheualrouſe in dedes of armes and noble actes dos  
inge. this duke helde open hous vpon a criſtmaſſe  
dape in a towne whiche was called Nauerne vpon  
the ſeyne To the whiche courte came al the lordes  
and noble blode of Normandye. And bycauſe this  
noble duke was not marped his lordes and nobles  
with one aſſente beſought hym to marpe and take  
a wyfe/to thentente that his lygnage myghte be  
mulcplyed there by/and that they myghte haue a  
ryghte heyre to enheryte his londes after his dyſce  
ſe. To the whiche requelte this good duke anſwe  
red and ſayde. My lordes what thyng that ye thin  
ke beſt for me to do ſhal be done/vpon a condicion  
in that ye wyl that I be marped that ye puruey me  
a wyf accordinge to myne eſtate for and yf I ſhold  
coueyte any heyre or noblyer of blode than I am my  
ſelf that myghte not ſtonde with ryght. and yf I ta  
ke one that is not of ſo noble an houſe as I am that  
ſholde be to me grete ſhame & al my lygnage wher  
fore me thynke it were better þ I kepte me as I am  
than to do that thyng that ſholde not be myne ho

A ii

nesse and afterwarde repent me. When thise wordes were spoken & well consydered by þe lordes that stode there present then there rose vp a wysse baron and sayde to the duke. My lord ye speke very wysse ly and lyke a noble prince/but yf it please your hyenesse to gyue audience and here me speke I shal shewe you of a certayne persone/of whome ye shall enioye your self to here of her. and the whiche ye shal obteyne I knowe well. Than answered the duke and sayde. shewe me than who that persone is/ gracious lord sayd the baron vnto þe duke. the duke of bourgone hath a doughter whiche exceedeth all oþther in beaulte curtesye and debonayre wysdome & good maners the whiche ye may haue yf ye wyl desyre her. for I knowe well there wyl noo man saye naye thereto. To the whiche the good duke answered and sayde. that lady playded hym ryght well & that the baron had gyuen hym good and wysse counsell. And in shorte tyme after that this lady was demaunded of her fader the duke of bourgone. Whiche gaue hym her wyllyngly. And thenne theyr bridale was kept honourably whiche were to longe to wyte.

¶ How the duke of Normandy with grete royaltie brought his wyfe the doughter of the duke of bourgon in to roan in Normandy after he had married her.





**A**fter þ the forsayde Duke hadde maryed  
the sayde lady he broughte her with a grete  
company of barons knyghtes & ladyes with grete  
trumphe and gloze in to the londe of normandye  
and in to the Cyte of Roan / in whiche Cyte she  
was honourably receyued and with grete melodye  
& there was grete ampte betwene þ bourgonions &

the normans whiche I lete passe. for to come y soner  
to my mater. y forsayd duke and duchesse lyued to  
gyder the space of. xviii. yere withoute ony chylde  
whether it were goddes wyll it sholde be so. or it we  
re thowwe theyr owne defaulte I can not Juge it  
for it were better other whyle that some people had  
no chylderne. and also it were better for the fader &  
moder to gete no chyldern theñe for lacke of chasty  
synge/ the chyldern and fader and moder sholde al  
go to the deupll. yet were these duke and duchesse de  
uoute people whiche loued and drede god and gaue  
grete almes & what tyme this Duke wolde meddle  
with his lady he euer prayed to god to sende him a  
chylde to honoure and serue god and to multiplye  
and forscype his lygnage/ but nother with prayer  
nor with almes dedes this good duke and duchesse  
coude gete no chyldern.

**T**how vpon a tyme this Duke and duchesse wal  
ked allone sore complaynyng the one to the other y  
they coude haue no chylde to gyder

**U**pou a tyme this duke & duchesse walked  
and the duke began to shewe his mynde to  
his lady saynge thus madame we be not fortunaz  
te in so moche that we canne gete no chylderne and  
they that made y maryage betwene vs both they  
dyde grete synne for I beleue & ye had ben gyuen to  
an oher man ye sholde haue had chyldern and I al  
so yf I hadde an oher ladye/ this lady vndersto  
de hyr sayenge she answered softly / sayenge thus  
good lord we muste thanke god of that whyche he  
sendeth vs & take it paciently of what so euer it be.



**H**ow roberte the deuyll was conceyued and how  
hys moder gaue hym to the deuyll in his cōceptyon



**A**lys duke upon a tyme rode oute on hōūtyr  
ge in a grete angre and pensifnes for ough  
that he coude haue no chylde soze complaynage say  
enge thus to hymselfe. I see many wymmen haue  
many fayre chylde in whyche they enioye gretly  
them by whyche I see well that I am hated of god  
& meruayle it is þ I fall not in dispayre for it greue  
the me so sore at my herte þ I can gete no chylde

A iiii



hen þe deuyl whiche is alwaye redy to deceyue mā  
kynde. tempted the good duke & troubled his mynde  
de so that he wylt not what to do nor saye. thus mo  
ued he left his huntynge and went home to his pa  
lays were he foude his lady also vexed & moued. as  
he come home he toke her in his armes & kyssed her  
and dyde his wyl with her sayenge his prayers to  
our lord. in this wyle O lord iesu I beseeche the þ  
I maye gete a chylde at this houre by the whiche þ  
mayste be honoured & serued. but the lady beinge so  
re moued spake thus folyshly & sayd in the deuyls  
name be it in soo moche as god hath not the power  
that I conceyue and yf I be conceyued with chylde  
in this houre I gyue it to the deuyl body and soule  
and this same houre that this duke & duchesse were  
thus moued the sayde lady was conceyued with a  
man chylde whiche in his lyf wrought moche mis  
chefe as ye shall here after here/ but afterwarde he  
was conuerted and dyde grete penaunce and dyed  
a holy man as is shewed here after.

¶ How robert the deuyl was borne and what grete  
payne his moder suffered in his byrth.

**T**his duchesse as ye haue herd before was co  
ceyued with the forsayde chylde whiche she  
bare. ix. monethes as comunly women go with chil  
de/ and ye may well perceyue þ this lady coude not  
be deliuered without grete payne for she traueylled  
more thā a moneth. & yf good prayers had not ben  
and almes dedes good werkes & grete penaunce do  
ne for her/ she had deped of chylde for all the ladyes

& gentyl womē that were with her wened the wol-  
de haue perpyshed & deyed in trauayl yge. wherfore  
they were gretly abasthed & aferde with þ meruey-  
loue noyse & tokens that they herde & se in the byr-  
the of the layde Robert the deuyll in that this chyl-  
de was borne the skye waxed as derke as though  
it had ben nyghte as it is shewed in olde cronycles  
that it chōdred and lyghtned so sore that men thou-  
ghte the firmament had ben open & all the worlde  
sholde haue perpyshed. And there blew so moche  
wynde out of the.iiii. quarters of the worlde & was  
suche storme and tempest that al the hous trembled  
so sore þ it shoke a grete pece of it to the erth i so mo-  
che þ al they that were in the hous wened þ þ world  
had bene at an ende & þ they w the hous & al shold  
haue sōken but in short tyme it pleased god that all  
this trouble ceased & the wynder clered vp & þ chylde  
was broughte to the chyrche to be crystned whiche  
was named Robert. This chylde was a large of  
stature at his byrth & he had ben a yere olde wher-  
of the people had grete wonder. and as this chylde  
was a ber yge to the chyrche to be crystned & home  
apene it neuer seaced cypenge and houlpyng. and in  
shorte space he had longe teeth wherwith he bote þ  
noysshes pappes in such wyse that there was noo  
woman durste gyue hym souke for he bote of the he-  
de of theyr brestes. Wherfore they were feyne to gy-  
ue hym souke and to bynge hym vp with an hoine  
and whā he was twelue moneth olde he coude spe-  
ke and go allone better than other chylderne that  
were thre yere olde. and the elder that this chylde ro-



berte waxed þ more curster and wyckedder he wax/  
ed for as sone as he coude goo allone there was no  
ther man nor woman that coude rule hy and whā  
he founde or coude come by ony chylterne he smote  
and bote and caste stones at them and brake theyr  
armes and legges and neckes and scratte out their  
eyen oute of theyr heddes and there in was all his  
plesure and the lordes and gentylles that sawe this  
had grete delyte there in wenynge to them it hadde  
bene but the pouthe and wantonelle.

¶ Howe all the chylterne with one assente named  
this chylde Roberte the deupll.

**T**his chylde with in fewe yeres grewe mar/  
tiously and more and more encreased of al  
and boldnes and shrewdnes / & set by no correccyon  
but was cuer smytynge & castynge and cursed dedes  
doynge to all the that he myghte mete in the stretes  
in so moche that there was nother man ne woman  
nor chylde that durst mete with hy but fled a waye  
for fere & diede as the deupll fleeth frome þ holy wa  
ter. & some tyme there gadied to gyder al the boyes  
of the strete to fyghte with hym / but whan they see  
hym come they durste not abyde hym / but cried one  
to another here cometh the wode Robert an other  
many cryed here cometh the cursed madde robert &  
some cryed here cometh robert the deupl & thus cry  
enge & howlyng they voyded all the stretes for they  
durst not abyde & loke hy in þ face / and forth with  
the chylterne þ knewe hy w one assent called hym  
robert þ deupll whiche name he keppe duringe his

lyf & shall do as longe as the world stondeſh / whā  
this chylde was. ſeuē. yere olde or there aboute the  
duke his fader / ſeynge and conſyderynge his wyl-  
ked condicions called hym and ſayde vnto hy thus  
my ſone me thynke it neceſſary and tyme / for me to  
gete you a wyle ſcole maſter and put you to ſcole /  
to lerne vertues and doctrine for ye be of age ynow-  
ghe and whan the duke had thus ſayde / he betoke  
his ſone to a good diſcret and wyle ſcole maſter to  
rule and teche hym al good condicions & maners

**C**how robert kylled his ſcole maſter.

**I**t fell vpon a daye þ his ſcole maſter ſhold  
chaſtyſe robert & wolde haue made him to ha-  
ue left his curſed condicions & miſcheuous dedes but  
robert gaue a murderer or bodkin & thruſt his maſ-  
ter in the bely þ his guttes fell at his fete and ſo fel  
downe dede to the erth. and robert threwe his boke  
ayenſt the walles in deſpyte of his maſter ſaynge  
thus now haue I taughte the that neuer preſte nor  
clerke ſhal correcte me nor be my maſter and from  
thens forth there coude no ſcole maſter be founde  
that was ſo bolde to take in honde to teche and cor-  
recte this Robert but were gladde to let hym allone  
and haue his owne wayes / and he put hymſelfe to  
vyce & myſchef and curſidnes & to no maner of ver-  
tue nor grace nor none wolde ne lerne for noo man-  
lyuyng / but mocked with god & holy chyrche and  
whan he came in to the chyrche & foude the preſtes  
& clarkes ſingynge goddes ſermyce / he came pryncely  
behynde them & caſte aſhes or duſt in to theyr mou-  
thes in diſpyte of god / And whan he ſawe ony be-



dy in the chyrche bely in theyr prayers he wolde co  
 me behynde the & gyue the a lowse in the necke that  
 theyr hedes kyssed the grounde in soo moche that  
 euery creature banned and cursed hym for his wyck  
 hed dedes doynges. And the noble Duke his fader  
 seyng this myscheuous disposicion & cursed lye of  
 his sone he was so angry & sore vered w hym selfe  
 that he wysshed hym self many tymes dede & out of  
 the worlde. And the duchesse in lyke wyse was gret  
 ly moued & moche sorowful by cause of the mische  
 uous lye of her sone. saynge to her lord in this wy  
 se my lord our sone is now of sufficient age and a  
 ble to bere armes wherfore me thynke it were beste  
 that ye made hym knyght yf than he wolde remem  
 bre thordre of knighthode wherby he myght chaū  
 ge his condicions and leue his wyckednesse. The  
 Duke was here with all content. And Robert had  
 at that tyme but eyghtene yere of age.

**T**how robert the deuyll was made knyghte by the  
 Duke his fader.

**T**his duke assembled vpo a hye feest of whit  
 sonnyde al his barons & nobles of his londe  
 & the next of his kyn & frendes in þ presence of who  
 me he called his sone to hym saynge thus. herke my  
 sone robert and take hede what I shall tell you. It  
 is so that by thaduyse of my counsell and good frē  
 des I am nowe aduyled to make you a knyghte to  
 thentent that ye with other knyghtes sholde be con  
 uersaūt occuppe & haunte chenalre and knyghtes  
 cōdicpon to thentente that ye shall leue and foryete



your vices & vylaynous werkes & moſte harſull  
Robert herynge this answered his fader the duke.  
I ſhall doo youre commaundement but as for the  
order of knyghthode I let no thyng therby. for the  
re is no degre ſhall cauſe me leue my condicions nor  
make me to chaunge my lyfe nor to breke my wyl  
for I am not in that mynde to doo any better than  
I haue done hether to. nor alter myne olde coſtume  
nor to amende for no man lyuyng it was the coſtu  
me of that londe that on whiſſon yght the chyrche  
ſholde be watched and tended with moche people.  
And theder ranne this robert lyke a madde man be  
ſtinge and bonchynge and ouerthrowynge al theym  
that came in his waye. ſeringe nother god nor ſ de  
uyl. and he was neuer ſtyll of all that nyghte and  
in the mornynge whan it was daye Robert was  
made knyghte. Thenne this duke commaunded a  
tournayment or iuſtynge to be made in whiche tour  
naymiente the layde robert wrought mayſtries & de  
de meruaylous dedes of armes in kyllinge and be  
rynge doune horſle & man noo man refuſinge nor  
ſerynge. but bare alle to the grounde that came in  
his waye. of ſome he brake armes and ſome legges  
ſome theyr neckes or bare them thorowe and kyll  
led them out of the honde. frome hym wente none  
vnmarched in whiche iuſtynge ſ layd robert kyll  
x. horſes. the duke heringe how his ſone myſcheued  
and murdered all ſ came in to his hondes he wente  
himſelf into the tournaymiente & comaunded vpon  
a grette payne. ſ every man ſholde ſeaſe & renne no  
more. thenne Robert rored for anger as he had ben

*Be i  
Linc  
unto al  
men by  
the  
ſtate  
that  
Edward  
poue*

woode & wolde not obeye his fader comaundement  
but abode styll in þe fylde smytþge & no thyngge spa  
ringe moche worse than he dyde before. and had no  
pise nother of horse nor man so that he kyllled of þe  
mooste valiaūtes knyghtes that thether were comen  
to tournaye. than every man cried vpon Robert to  
lese but it auailed not for he wold not lese for no mā  
nor there was no mā so bolde to encounter hym. for  
bycause þe he was so stronge this robert dyde so mo  
che mischefe that all the peple were in a rore & asse  
bled all with one assent in a grete angre and ranne  
to the duke cōplaynyngge sayþge thus lord ye be gree  
ly to blame þe ye suffre youre sone to doo as he dooth  
we beseeche you for goddes sake to fynde some reme  
dye for hy to cause him to cease or leue his misrule.

**H**ow Robert the deuyll rode aboute the countree  
of normandy robbynge slelinge morderynge & bre  
nynge chyrches abbayes & other holy places of reli  
gion & forþge of women & rauishþge of maydēs.

*Robert*  
*2010*  
**T**han whan Robert se there was no man mo  
re left in þe fylde & that he coude do no more  
mischefe there. than he toke his horse with the spore  
re to þe countree to seke auētures & began to do every  
daye more harme than other. for he forsed & rauys  
shed maydens & wyues withoute nombre he kyllled  
murdied so moche peple þe it was pyte/also he rob  
bed chyrches abbayes hermitages & fermes. there  
was not an abbaye in all the countrey but he robbed  
& pylled the. these wyched dedes of Robert came to  
the eres of the good duke. & all they that were thus  
robbed & rebuked/ came to complayne of the grete





outrage and suppression done by Robert and Styll  
 was doyng chorowe out all þ countree. One sayd  
 my lord your sone hath forsed my wyfe. another  
 sayd he hath rauished my daughter. the other sayd  
 he hath stolen my goodes & robbed my hous. & the  
 other sayde he hath wounded me to deeth with many  
 semblable offences. Thus lay they greuously com-  
 playnyng before the good Duke that grete pyte it  
 was there for to se þ good duke her þe greuous  
 and lamentable complayntes of the greafe murdre  
 done. by roberte his sone thorough oute all the lous

de of Normandye. Than his herte was subpressed  
with so greate sorowe and thoughte that the salte  
trespresse oute of his eyn. & wepte tenderly & saye  
de. O right wylle god creatoure of heuē & erth, I ha  
ue so many tymes prayed the to sende me a chylde &  
all my delyte was to haue a sone. to thentente þ I  
myght of hym haue grette Joye and solace. And now  
we I haue one. the whiche doth my herte so moche  
payne sorowe and thoughte that I wote in no wy  
se what to begynne nor to doo nor save thereto. but  
good lord only I crye vpon the for helpe and reme  
dye to be a lytell released of my payne and sorowe.

How the Duke sent oute men of armes for to ta  
ke roberte his sone the whiche robert toke them all  
and put oute theyr eyn in despyte of his fader and  
sente them so home agen.





**T**here was a knyght of the dukes hous whiche  
perceyued þat this good Duke was very  
sorrowful & penyfe & knewe no remedye therē this  
knyghte spake & sayde to hym. My lord I wold ad-  
uise you to sende for your sone robert & let hym be  
brought to your presence/and there before your nob-  
les and nexte frendes to rebuke hym.and than com-  
maūde hym to leue his cursed lyf. & yf he wyll not/ye  
to do iustice vpon hym as on a straunge man/here  
to the Duke consented and thoughte the knyght ga-  
ue hym good counsell.and incontynent he sente out  
men to seke robert.and in ony wyse they to brynge  
hym to his presence this robert herynge of the com-  
playntes made of alle the people vpon hym vnto  
his fader and that his fader hadde lent out men to  
take hym wherfore al theym that he coude gette he  
put out theyr eyen/and so he toke the men that his  
fader sende for hym and put out theyr eyen in despi-  
te of his fader and whan he had thus blynded his  
faders seruantes he sayde to theym in mockynge  
syr nowe shall ye slepe the better go nowe home to  
my fader and tell him that I let ytell by hym & by  
cause he sendeth you to brynge me to hym therfore to  
his dyspyte I haue put oute youre eyen.& therfore  
was robert hated both of god & of the worlde & his  
vicious and moost cursed werkes were openly kno-  
wen thoro we out all crystendome. These poore ser-  
uantes whiche the Duke hadde sent for robert his  
sone/came home with grete payne and in grete he-  
uynesse saynge thus o good lord see how your sone  
robert that ye dede sende vs fore hath arrayd vs:&



blynded vs. the good Duke seynge his men in this  
case he wexed very angry and full of pre and begā  
to compasse in his mynde how and by what mea-  
nes he might come by to take þe said robert his sone

**T**how the duke of normandye made a proclama-  
cion thorough oute his londe. how men sholde take  
robert his sone with all his companye and brynge  
hym euerychone to prilon.

**A**han spake a wyle lorde of þe dukes counsell  
saynge thus my lord take no more thought  
nor be no more penyfe. for ye shal neuer se the daye  
þe robert your sone wyl come in your presence in so  
moche as he hath done so grete and greuouse offen-  
ces to your commons and youre owne messengers  
that ye sende for hym but it were of necessity for you  
to correcte and punyssh the hym for his grete offences  
that he dayly doth & hath done for we fynde it wy-  
ten þe the lawe byndeth you there to. The duke wyl-  
lynge to accomplysh the the counsell of his lordes sen-  
de oute messangers in all the haste vnto all portes  
good townes and barones thorough out all his du-  
kedome commaundynge on his behalfe all shryues  
bayllifes or other offycers to do theyr uttermoste dy-  
lygence to take robert his sone prisoner & so holde  
and kepe hym surely in prilon with all his compa-  
ny and affinite. whā robert herde of this proclama-  
cion he with all his cōpany were sore aferde of the  
Dukes malyce. and whan roberte see this was al-  
mooste oute of his wytte for wode angre and whet-  
ted his teeth lyke a boze and sware a grete othe say-

enge thus that he wolde haue open warre ayenste  
his fader and subdewe and spyll all his lordshyppe

**H**owe robert made hy a stronge hous in a derke  
thypke wyldernes where he wroughte myschefe w  
out cōparison & aboue al mesure oz naturell reason



**U**hen whan robert had herde & knowen of þ  
forlayde thynge he lette make in a thypke  
wylde foreste a stronge hous where in he made his  
dwell þge place and in this place it was wylde and  
stronge & more meter for wylde beestes than for ony  
peple to abyde in / & there robert assembled and ga  
dered for his cōpany al the moſte miſcheuoſte & fal  
ſest theues y he coude fynde oz here of in his faders



londe to wete morderes theues strete robbers rebelles  
brenners of chyrches and houles forlers of women  
robbers of chyrches & the moſte wychedeſte & curſe  
deſte theuis that were vnder þe ſonne robert had ga  
dered to do him ſeruice wherof he was capteyn & in  
the forſayde wyldeſſe Robert w his companye  
dyd ſo moche miſcheſe þ no tūge can tel he mordered  
marchaūtes & al þ came by þ waye no man durſt lo  
ke out nor come a brode for fere of robert & his cōpa  
nye of whom euery mā was a ferde. for they robbed  
all the countree in ſo moche þ no man durſt loke ou  
te/ but that they were kylled of robert or his men al  
ſo poore pylgremes þ wente on pylgremage were  
murdred by robert & his cōpanye in ſo moche þ eue  
ry man fledde frome them lyke as þ ſhepe fled fro  
me þ wolfe for they were as wode as wolues war  
rynge ſleinge al þ they coude come by. & thus robert  
& his cōpanye led an vngacious lyf. alſo he was a  
grete gloſſe of etynge & drinkinge & neuer faſtyge  
though it were neuer ſo grete a faſtyge day. In len  
te or on ymberdayes he ete fleſhe as well on frida  
yes as on ſōdayes. but after he had done al this miſ  
cheſe he ſuffred grete payne as here aft ye ſhal here  
**H**ow robert the deuyl killed. vii. heremytes.

**I**t befell vpon a tyme þ robert whiche euer I  
magened & ſtudped in his mynde how & by  
what meane he might do moſte myſcheſe & murdre  
as he had ben euer acustomed before he rode out of  
his hous or theuiſhe neſte to ſeke his pray. & in the  
myddel of the wode he ſawe. vii. holy heremytes to

Whome he rode as faste as he coude with his sword  
 de redy drawe lyke a man oute of his mynde & there  
 he slewe this. vii. heremites y<sup>e</sup> whiche were bolde &  
 good men but they were sober tuo<sup>9</sup> & holy y<sup>e</sup> they suf  
 fred the martyrdom for y<sup>e</sup> loue of god & whā he had  
 thus slayne these. vii. deuoute mē he spake i mocka  
 ge & sayd I haue foude here a neste of a many pope  
 holy horsons whome I haue shauen the crounes I  
 crow they be dōke they were wonte to knele vpon  
 theyr knees and nowe they lye vpon theyr backs  
 there dyde robert a cursed dede & blode shedynge in  
 despyte of god and holy chirche. & after that he had  
 done this myscheuous dede he rode oute of the wo  
 de lyke a deuyl out of helle semynge worse thanne  
 wode & his clothes were all dyed rede with the blo  
 de of y<sup>e</sup> peple y<sup>e</sup> he had murdered & slayne. & thus ara  
 yed he rode ouer the feldes. & clothes hondes face all  
 were rede of the blode of the holy heremytes. Whi  
 che he had so pytcoulsly murdered in the wyldernesse  
 ¶ How robert the deuyl rode to his moder the Du  
 chesse of normandye beyng in y<sup>e</sup> castell of darques  
 where she was come to a feste

**R**oberte rode so ferre & so longe that he came  
 to the castell of darques but he mette before  
 with a shypherde whiche had tolde hy<sup>e</sup> that his mo  
 der the Duchesse sholde come to the sayd castell to dy  
 ner. & so he rode thether but whā robert came there  
 & the peple se hy<sup>e</sup> come they ranne away from hym  
 lyke the hare frome the houndes one ranne & shet hy<sup>e</sup>  
 in his house an other ranne in to the chyrche for fe<sup>r</sup>



re. Robert seyng this that al the people fled from  
hym for fere/ he began to sygh in his herte and sayd  
to hymselfe. O almyghty god how maye this be þ  
euery man thus fleeth frome me. Nowe I perceyue  
that I am the mooste myscheuouse and cursedeste  
wretche of this worlde/ for I sente better to be a Je  
we or a saralyne/ than a cristen man. and I see well  
that I am worste of all yll. Alas sayde robert the de  
uyll I maye well hate and curse myne vngacious  
& cursed lyfe. wherfore I am worthy to be hated of  
god and the worlde in this mynde heuynesse came  
Robert to the castell gates & alyghte downe from  
his horle/ But there was no man that durste abyde  
aboute hym nor come nygh hym to holde his horle  
and he had no seruaunte to serue hy but let his hors  
stonde there at the gate/ and drewe oute his sworde  
whiche was all bloody. and incontinent toke the wa  
ye vnto the halle where the duchesse his moder was  
whā þ duchesse sawe Roberte her sone come in this  
wyle with a bloody sworde in his honde. she was so  
re a ferde & wolde haue fledde a waye frome him for  
she knewe well his condicions. Robert seyng that  
euery body dyde flee from hym & that his owne mo  
der wolde haue fledde in lyke wyle. he called vnto  
her pyteously a ferde and sayd. swete lady moder be  
not a ferde of me/ but stonde styll tyll I haue spokē  
with you & flee not from me in the worshyp of cry  
stes passion. than roberts herte beinge full of thou  
ghte and repetaunce wente nygher her. sayng thus:  
O re lady moder I praye and requyre you tell me  
how and by what maner or by wherby cometh it



that I am so vicious and curste for I knowe well I  
haue it other of you or of my fader/wherfore incon  
tinent I hertely desyre and praye you that ye shewe  
me the trowth here of.

**H**ow the Duchesse desyrede/Robert her sone/to  
smpte of her hede.and than she tolde hym how she  
had gyuen hym to the deuyl in his concepcon

**T**he Duchesse had grefly maruaylinge whā  
she herde her sone speke thyle wordes & py  
teuoussly wepyng. With a sorowfull herte saynge  
thus to hym. My dere sone I require you hertely  
ye wyl smpte of my hede.this sayde the lady for ve  
ry grete pyte that she had vpon hym for bycause she  
had gyue hē to the deuyl in his concepcon robert  
answered his moder with an heuy and a pyteuous  
chere saynge thus. O dere moder why sholde I do  
so that so moche myschefe haue done and this shol  
de be the worst dede that euer I dyde. But I praye  
you to shewe me that I desyre to wete of you/then  
the Duchesse herynge his hertely desyre tolde vnto  
hym the cause why he was soo vicious and full of  
myschefe and how she gaue hē to the deuyl in his  
concepcon.herself myspraplyng/sayde thus vnto  
robert. O sone I am the mooste vnfortunate wo  
man lyuyng and I knowlege that it is all my fau  
te that ye be so cursed and wycked a lpeuer.

**H**ow robert the deuyl toke leue of his moder.

**R**oberte herynge his moders saynge he fell  
downe to yerthe in a swoone for very greate  
sorowe and laye styll a longe whyle. than he reuies

ued ayene and came to hymself and began bytterly  
to wepe and complayne saynge thus. The fendes  
of hell be with grete diligēce to applye them to ge-  
te and haue me body and soule. but now frome this  
tyme forth I forsake them & all theyr werkes and  
wyl neuer doo more harme but good. & amende my  
lyf & leue my synnes and do penaunce therfore. thā  
after this Roberte spake to his moder / the whiche  
was in greate sorowe & heynesse saynge thus. O  
mooste reuerente lady moder. I herely beseeche & re-  
quyre you that it wyl plese you to haue me recom-  
maūded vnto my fader for I wyl take the waye to  
Rome to be assayed of my synnes / whiche be innu-  
merable & to abhomynable to recounte. Therfore  
I wyl neuer slepe one nyght there I slepe an other  
tyll I come at Rome and god wyl.

How robert departed frome his moder & rode in  
to the wyldernesse where he founde his cōpanye.

**R**obert in grete haste lyghte vpon his hoise  
& rode to the wode where he had lefte his cō-  
panye the whiche he founde. The Duchesse made  
greate lamentacion for her sone robert whiche had  
taken his leue of her. And sayd many tymes to her  
self. Alas what shal I do for it is all my faute that  
robert my sone hath done so moche myschefe & in  
the meane whyle the Duchesse made this sorowe  
& bewayllynge for her sone roberte in came the duke  
in to the chambre & as sone as she sawe hym she be-  
gan to tell hym of his sone robert piteuously wepyng-  
ge / she wynged hym what he had sayd & done. than



the good Duke axed her / whether robert were dys-  
posed to leue his vicio<sup>9</sup> lyfe. & yf he were soyr for his  
greate offences / ye my lord sayde she he is sore repē  
saunte. thenne began the duke sore to sygh & sayde  
Alas it is all in vayne & roberte thynketh to do for  
I fere he shall neuer haue power to make restytucy  
on / of the hurtes & harmes & whyche he hath done  
in his lyfe. but I beleeche almyghty god to prolonge  
his lyf and sende him tyme & respyte that he maye  
amende his lyfe & do penaunce for his synnes

How robert tolde his companye he wolde goo to  
Rome for to be assoyled of his synnes.

**N**ow is robert come ayene to his companye  
whiche he founde lyttinge at dyner. & whan  
they sawe hym they rose vp & dyde hy reuerēce thā  
roberte began to rebuke them for theyr vycious lyf  
ynge saynge thus my welbeloued felawes. I re-  
quire you in the reuerence of god / that ye wyl her-  
ken and take hede to this that I shall shewe you /  
ye knowe well howe & we haue ledde hetherto an  
vng raciouse and mooste viciouse lyfe. robbed & pyl-  
led chyrches / forced women / rauysshed maydens /  
robbed and kyllled marchauntes. We haue robbed  
and kyllled nonnes holy aunkers prestes clerkes /  
and many other people withoute nombr haue we  
murdred and robbed. Wherfore we be in the waye  
of endles dampnacion except that god haue mercy  
vpon vs. Wherfore I require you everychone for  
goddess sake & ye wyl chaūge poure opinion & leue  
pour abhomynable synnes & do penaunce therfore

for I wyll go to rome to be shryuen and to haue penaunce for my synnes. Whan Robert thus sayd one of the theues rose and sayd to his compaignye in mockhage. nowe syrs take hede the fore wyll be an aunshet for he begynneth to preche. Robert mocketh fast with vs for he is our capiteyn & doth more harme alone than al we do how thinke ye wyll be longe thus holy. yet sayd Robert gentyl felawes I praye you for goddes sake leue your condicions & thynke on your soule & do penaunce for your mooste fellest synnes & crie vpon our lord for mercy & forpynnesse & he wyll forpene you whā Robert hadde sayd thus than spake to hy one of the theues & sayde I praye you mayster be in pease / for it auayleth not what ye saye do but spende your tyme in waste / for I nor my cōpany wyl not amēde our lyf for no mā lypynge / And all his cōpany cōmaunded his sayngs and sayden all w one voyce he saythe trewe for and we sholde dye / we wyll not leue our olde condycions and cursed lyfe. but and yf we haue done moche hurte hether to we wyll do moche more here after.

How Robert the deuyl kylled all his cōpanye.

**R**obert herynge the false & wycked opynion & myscheuous purpose of his cōpanye waxed angry and thoughte yf they remayne and abyde styll here they wyl do greate myschef and murdre but he wente pruely vnto the doore and shet it faste and gatte a greate staffe and layde one on the theues on the hede / that he fell downe dede to the erth.



And so he serued one after an other. tyll he had kyl  
led them euerychone. thenne sayde he thus to them  
syr I haue rewarded you after your desert & by cau  
se ye haue done me good seruyce I haue gyuen you  
good wages. for who soo euer serueth a good mayo  
ster he is lyke to haue good wages Whan Roberte  
had thus done he wolde haue brente y<sup>e</sup> hous. but he  
consydered the grete good that was there in wherfo  
re he let it stonde and shette faste the doores aboute  
and locked them and broughte a waye the key with  
hym to his fader.

How Robert the deuyll sente the key of his chefe  
hous or theuyll the lodginge to his fader the Duke  
of normandye and how he wente to Rome.

Thenne whan Robert had done all that sayd  
is he toke vp his honde & blessed hy<sup>m</sup> & rode  
thorowe the forest the nexte waye to Rome. Rober  
te rode that daye so longe tyl that the nyghte came  
on and was passynge sore enhogred for he had eten  
noo meete of all that daye / and fortunied to come ry  
dyng by an abbaye whiche he had many tymes rob  
bed. and the abbot was his kynnessman & Roberte  
rode in to this abbaye and sayd neuer a worde but  
whan the monkes se Robert come they were sore a  
ferde and ranne awaye. saynge one the an other he  
re cometh the vnglacpous Roberte. the deuyll hath  
broughte hym herher. whan Robert herde this and  
se them al renne awaye from hym than his sorowe  
began to renewe and sayd in hymselfe in sore sygh  
inge & sorowfull herte. I may well hate my curld

lyfe for euery man flesch from me & I haue spente  
my tyme vnglacyously & in euyl and cursed wer-  
kes and there with all he rode streyght to the chyr-  
che doore & alyghte downe from his hors deuously  
saynge his prayers to god in this wyse. O lord Ie-  
su cryste I moste synfull wretche and vessel of alle  
synkynge synnes / I praye the þ thou wylt haue mer-  
cy on me and preserue and kepe me frome all daun-  
geres and peryll / And thenne he wente & spoke to  
the abbot and monkes so swetly and so piteously  
& amply þ they begā to come toward hym to who-  
me robert sayde piteously wepyng knelyng on his  
knees. my lord I knowlege myself that I haue gre-  
uously offēded you. and haue done grete harme &  
iniurye vnto your abbay. Wherfore I require & pra-  
ye you all in the honour of crystes passyon of for-  
gyuenesse. and than he spake to the abbot in this wi-  
se my lord abbot I praye you hertely haue me res-  
cōmaunded to my lord my fader the duke of Nor-  
mandye / & deliuer hym this keye of the chefe hous  
where I haue dwelled with my cōpanye þ whiche  
I haue all slayne. to the intent that they sholde do no  
more harme. & in that hous lyeth all the goodes &  
tresoure that I haue stolen frome you & other mē  
Wherfore I am ryghte sorry. and beseeche you of for-  
gyuenesse / and I praye you that this good maye be  
rendred ayene vnto suche people as they haue ben  
longinge to before. robert abode þ night in þ abbay  
but in the mornynge erly he wente thens. and lette  
behynde hym his horse and his swerde wher with  
all he had done grete myschefe. and so he wente als



lone towarde Rome. And on the same daye rode þ  
abbot to the duke of normandye & gaue hym the ke  
pe þ Robert had delpyered hþ / & tolde the duke how  
he was gone to Rome. thā þ duke gaue al þ poore  
people theyr goodes ayen þ they had losse before as  
ferre as it coude be foude in the chefe hous. We wyl  
seale of þ duke & the abbot & speke of robert whiche  
gooth to romeward allone with grete deuocion.

How Roberte came to rome for remysyon of his  
synnes

**R**obert went so lōge ouer hylles & dales al  
lone tyll at laste w grete payne & pouerte he  
came to rome in to þ cyte vpon a thure thursdaye at  
nyght & on the fryday after þ pope hymself sayd þ  
deuyne seruice as the custome was in saynt peters  
chyrche / & Robert preled faste to haue comen to þ  
pope / but þ popes seruaūtes se þ robert preled so loo  
re to come to þ pope they smote hþ & had hþ go bac  
ke but þ more they smote hþ þ more he preled & thro  
ge to gette nygh the pope & so at laste he gate to hþ  
& fel doune on his knees at þ feet of the pope cryēg  
w a loude voyce sayge thus o holy fad haue mercy  
on me & thus lay robert cryēge lōge whyle the peos  
ple þ were by the pope werc angry þ Roberte made  
suche a noyse & wold haue dryue hþ thens but þ po  
pe seþge roberts grete desyre had pite vpo hþ & lay  
de to his peple late hym alone for in al þ I can se he  
hath grete deuociō wherfore þ pope pmaūded them  
al to holde there pese þ he might þ bett here & vnder  
stonde robert than sayd Robert to the pope in this  
maner / o holy fader I am þ moſte and the greteſte

synner of all this worlde/the pope toke Robert by  
by the honde and sayd to hym good frende. what is  
your desyre & what eleth you to make all this noyle  
than sayd Roberte o holy fader I beseeche you to he-  
re my cōfessyon/for and I be not by you assopled I  
am dāpned worlde wouten ende for it is meruayle  
þ the deuyl bereth me not awaye body & soule seyn-  
ge the foule innumerable & strykþ ge synne þ I am  
laden & bouiden wāll more than ony man lpyngē/  
and in so moche þ ye are he þ gyueþ remedy helpe &  
comforte to them þ haue nede/therfore I hūbly be-  
che you for þ passyon of our lord Ihesu cryst to here  
& purge me of my moost mortall & abhomyable  
synnes wherby I am dereuered & departed fro all þ  
Joyes of heuen & am wors thā a Jewe/þ pope herþ  
ge this demed & thought in hymselfe whether this  
were roberte þ deuyl/& axed hþ/longe be ye roberte þ  
whiche I haue herde so moche spekynge of/the whi-  
che is worst of al men/thā roberte answered & sayd  
ye/than þ pope sayd I wyl assople you but I cōiure  
you in þ name of god þ ye do no man harme. The  
pope & all that were aboute hþ were aferde to loke  
vpon roberte/roberte fell on his knees wīth grete de-  
uocion & repentaūce of his synes saynge holy fader  
nay as longe as I lyue I promyse god & his blessyd  
moder/wyll I neuer hurte crysten creature/than in  
contynent þ pope toke roberte aparte & herde his cō-  
fessyon to whome roberte shroue hym deuoutly the  
wynge how his moder had gyuen hþ to the deuyl in  
his concepcon wherof the pope was sore aferde.



**How the Pope sente Roberte thre myle without  
Rome to an holy heremyte.**



**T**he Pope this herynge was gretly abasshed  
 & blessyd hy & sayd to roberte / my detye sone  
 ye. muste go thre myle without the towne & there ye  
 shal fynde an heremyte whiche is my goostly fader  
 & to hy ye shall confesse you & saye that I sende you  
 to hy & he shal alope you / roberte answered þ pope  
 I wyl go with a good wyll / & toke his leue of the po  
 pe saynge god gyue me grace, so do þ may be to the  
 helth of my soule / so þ nyght roberte abode in rome

for it was late / & in the mornynge erly robert went  
out of ronie towarde the place where he sholde fyn  
de the heremyte & so he went so longe ouer hylles &  
dales w grete desyre to be shypuc of his synnes & at  
laste he come where þ heremyte dwelled wherof he  
was glad / & came to the heremyte & tolde hy how þ  
pope had sente hym theder to be cofessed of hy thā  
the heremyte sayde he was hercly welcome. & with  
in a whyle robert began to cofesse & shewe his syns  
nes & fyrste he shewed the heremyte how his moder  
had gyue hym to the deuyl in his conception & how  
he smote the chylderne in his pouth or he coude goo  
allone and how he kylled his scolc mayster & how  
many knyghtes he kylled at þ iustyce whā his fad  
made hy knyght & he rode thowow his faders lode  
robbyng & stelpnge forsynge of womē rauishyng of  
maydes & how he thraсте out þ eyen of his fads me  
in dispyte of hy. & how he had kylled. vii. heremites  
& thortly shewed hym al þ offēces þ euer he dyde se  
thē þ houre of his byrth tyll þ tyme. Wherof þ here  
myte had maruayle. but he was glad þ Robert was  
repētaūt for his synes. whā robert had th<sup>9</sup> confessed  
hy þ heremyte sayd to hy lone this night ye shal a  
byde here & to morow I shal gyue you good coucell  
of þ ye haue to do robert þ was so curst & furious mīl  
cheuous ferfull cruel & proude as a lyon. is now as  
gētyl & curteys & swete of wordes & wyle in his de  
des as euer was ony duke or prynce luyng the Robert  
was so wery & ouercomen w goyge þ he coude  
nother ete nor drynke. but wente aparte & sayde his  
prayers to almyghthy god prayenge hy thowow his



endeles mercy / þ he wolde kepe hym from þ fēdes  
tēptacyon & deccyte. þ heremyte made roberte to lye  
þ nyght in a lytell chapell þ stode nye his celle & the  
heremyte prayed al þ nyght to our lord for Robert  
whiche sawe þ he had grete repētaūce for his synes  
and thus prayenge the heremyte fell a slepe.

**H**ow god sent an aūgel to the heremyte to shewe  
hym the penaūce that he shold geue to Roberte for  
his synnes.

**T**he heremyte beynge thus a slepe there came  
to hym an aūgell saynge to hym in this wy  
se. holy fader here & take hede of þ message þ god  
cōmaundeth. yf þ Robert wyll be shryuen of his sy  
nes / he muste kepe and counterfete the wayes of a  
fole and be as he were dombe. & he may ete no ma  
ner of mete / but that he can take it from þ dogges  
& in this wyse without spekyng & cōterfetinge the  
fole & no thyng etyng but what he can take from  
the dogges must he be tyll tyme that it shall please  
god to shewe hym that his synne be foryeue & with  
this visyon the heremyte awoke oute of his slepe &  
began to remembre hymself of this that sayd is / &  
thanked our lord of his gracious message done to  
hym & whā the daye begā to apere þ heremyte called  
robert vnto hym. w sayre & comfortable wordes sa  
ynge to hym my frende come hether to me. & in con  
tynent robert came to hym w grete deuocion hym  
cōfessynge. and whan robert had shryue hym the he  
remyte sayde thus vnto hym sone I haue thoughte  
& aduised me of þ penaunce þ ye shal haue to geue  
remysyon of your synnes / In whiche ye haue grete

uously offended ayenst god that is to wete ye muste  
couñterfayte & playe the sole / & ye maye ete no mete  
but that ye can take it from the dogges whan men  
gyue them ought / also ye must kepe you as dumbe  
without speche & lye amonge dogges for thus hath  
god this nyght commaunded me by his aungell to  
gyue you this for your penaunce and ye maye of-  
fende no man the whyle your penaunce be a doyn-  
ge / and this penaunce ye must do for your synnes  
in maner and forme as I haue tolde you tyll suche  
tyme as it shall please our lorde to sende you worde  
that your synnes be forgyuen / roberte beyng mery  
and gladd thankpge our lorde Jhesu cryst that he  
was assayed of his synnes & had therfore so lycht  
penaunce as hym thoughte that it was. Nowe ta-  
keth Roberte leue of the heremyte / and gooth to do  
his grete and sharpe penaunce whiche he helde but  
lyght remembryng his grete abhomynable syn-  
kyng synnes that he hath done all the dayes of his  
lyf this was a fayre myracle / for he that was so vy-  
cious and so furvous a rebell & proude a synner / is  
now soo full of vertues and fayre condycions and  
as faine as a lambe.

**T**How Roberte the deuyll toke his leue of the here-  
myte & wente agayne to Rome to do his penance  
that the heremyte had gyuen hym.

**R**oberte hath taken leue of the heremyte &  
is gone towarde Rome there for to do his pe-  
naunce. And whan he came in to the cyte he began  
to lepe & renne aboute the stretes makynge hymselfe



as thoughe he had ben a fole / & the children in the  
stretes se Roberte renne in this wyle and they after  
hym shoutynge and cryenge & castynge with myre  
and derte and all such fylth as they founde in the  
stretes and the Burgeysles of the cyte laye in theyr  
wyndowes and laughed and mocked with roberte  
Than whan roberte had thus played the fole in ro  
me a certayne season he came on a tyme to þe Em  
perours courte & se that the gate dyde stonde open  
& he ranne streyght in to the hall / & there he Jetted  
vp and downe from the one ende to the other som  
tyme he wente fast and somtyme softely and than  
he hopped and ranne and other whyle he stode euen  
stille / but he stode not longe in one place. The Em  
peroure seynge Roberte thus playenge the fole. He  
sayd to one of his seruauntes / se ponder is a fayre  
and a well fauoured yonge man / me thynketh he is  
out of his mynde the whiche is greate damage / for  
he is fayre & a well made man / go & gyue hym mete.  
¶ This Emperours seruaunt dyde as he was com  
maunded & called roberte to hym & wolde haue gy  
uen hym some mete / but roberte wolde nother ete nor  
drynke / & whyle roberte sate thus at the table the em  
perour sawe one of his houndes whiche was bytten  
with an other dogge / wherfore the Emperour cast  
hym a bone and the dogge caught the bone and be  
gan to gnawe there on & roberte seynge þe lepte from  
the table & toke it from hym / but the dogge fought  
with roberte for the bone & helde faste the one ende  
& roberte þe other ende / but roberte se it wolde be no  
better / but set hym downe on the grounde & gnawe

on the one ende of the bone & the dogge on þ other  
themperoure and they that loked here on / laughed  
at robert and þ dogge. but Robert dyde so moche þ  
he gatte the bone allone & laye and gnewe it for he  
was sore enhongred. themperoure seynge that R ob  
bert was so sore enhongred he caste to an other dog  
ge an hoole lofe. but robert toke it frome hym & bra  
ke it in two peces & gaue the dogge half for by cau  
se he gatte it for the dogges sake. theperour seynge  
this lough there at & sayd to his seruautes. We ha  
ue here nowe the mooste folythe fole and the verayst  
neddy that euer I sawe for he taketh the dogges  
mete from the & eteth it hymself therby a mā may  
perfytely knowe that he is a naturell fole. all that  
were in the hal gaue the dogges as moche mete as  
they myght ete to thetente þ robert myght fyll his  
belye w the & whan he had filled his belly while he  
rose vp and walked vp and doune in the hall with  
a staffe in his honde / smytynge vpon stoles and ben  
ches lyke as & yf he had bene a very innocent fole.  
And thus walkynge he loked on euery syde & sawe  
adore where men wente in to a fayre gardyne in þ  
whiche gardyne there stode a fayre fontayne or wel  
and theder went Robert to drynke for he was euyl  
thurst and whan nyghte came on / robert folowed  
the forsayde dogge where so euer he wente the whi  
che was accustomed to lye euery nyghte vnder a step  
re & there he went and layde him doune & robert fo  
lowed hym vnder þ stepre and layde hym doune by  
the dogge. themperoure seynge this had compassy  
on on Robert and commaunded that men sholde be



re hym a bedde / that he myght lye there vpon to sle  
pe anone two seruauntes brought robert a bedde to  
slepe there on but he pointed to bere it away ayene  
for he had leuer to lye vpon the hard and colde erth  
than vpon a softe bedde where of thempetour had  
greate mariuayle / and commaunded that men shold  
bere hym cleue strawe whiche they dyde than robert  
whiche was feynthe and wery of goynge leyde hym  
downe to slepe on þ strawe. now haue this in youre  
myndes ye proude hertes & synners thynke on rober-  
tes greate penaunce & wylfull pouerte and how he  
so greate a gentylman borne forsoke his fader and  
his moder and al his frendes and his countrey and  
londe / & al his dylcate metes & drinkes & gape ray-  
mentes & wordly plesure w all that of such estate  
aperteyneth how wyllyngly he hath alle forsaken  
for the saluacyon of his soule & is gone out of a du-  
kes bedde to dogges canell. and with dogges he ete  
& dronke & slepte & rose whan they rose. & in this pe-  
naunce lyued roberte. vii. yeres or there aboute. & the  
dogge þ he comunly slept with all perceyued that  
he foure the better. & had more mete for robertes sa-  
ke than he was wonte to haue before & that no mā  
dyde bete hym for his sake wherfore he began to lo-  
ue robert passynge well in so moche men myght as  
soone haue kylled hym as dryuen hym from robert

**T**how robert made a Jewe to kysse his dogges ar-  
le at the Emperours table.

**I**t befell vpon a tyme that thempetour helde  
a grete feste in his palays in the cyte of rome

to whiche feste were assembled all the chiefe of þe lorde  
amonge whome there was a Jewe whiche was  
receyuer of the moste parte of all the emperours lon-  
des. and whan euery man was sette at the table ro-  
bert walked vp & doune in the hall hauyng his dog-  
ge in his armes playenge þe fole as he was wonte  
to do. & thus came to the table behynde þe foresayde  
Jewe whiche was sette at the emperours table and  
Robert came behynde his backe and knocked hym  
on the sholder the Jewe felte hym and turned his  
face shortly behynde hym and robert hadde vp his  
dogges arle redy and sette it vpon the Jewes face.  
The emperoure & his lordes this scynge laughed &  
had good game there at. but the Jewe was wroth &  
foule ashamed but he durst saye no thyng at þe ty-  
me. Than robert set doune his dogge & incontynent  
the dogge lepte vpon þe table & dyde so moche with  
his mouth & fete that he caste doune al the mete vn-  
der the table. And in this maner Robert spent his  
tyme euer without spekyng. lyke as þe heremite had  
comaunded hym. & euer he dyde som madde or mery co-  
cepte to cause þe Emperour to laugh or to be mery.

**H**ow Roberte threwe doune a byde on a foule  
donge hyll and how he put a luyng catte in to an  
hote sechynge potte with podred befe.

**I**t befell on a tyme þe there was a byde shol-  
de goo to chyrche to be wedded. Whiche was  
gaily aparelled as to a byde aperteyned Roberte  
seyng this byde thus gayly arayed. toke her by the  
hode & led her thorough a passyng foule donge hyll



and there made her fall & fouled her gaye araye. &  
 than he ranne lyghtely a waye shoutynge & laugh-  
 ynge. and ranne vnto the bydes kytchen where her  
 dynner was apareyled and caughte a luyunge cats  
 te and caste her in to the pottle of pouldred befe/  
 The whiche incontinet was tolde to thempourre  
 where at he and all his lordes laughed and hadde  
 grete game there at. & they loued Roberte passynge  
 well for he made moche myrth without harme.

How the senesthal had gadred a greate armye of  
 men of warre of sarasins & layde syege to Rome be-  
 cause the Emperour wolde not gyue hym his dou-  
 ghter in maryage.

This is  
 Andrie  
 golmans  
 booke till  
 edward  
 powell  
 come a  
 game



This is  
 Andrie  
 golmans  
 Booke till  
 Edward  
 Powell  
 come a  
 game

**I**n the mene season whyle Roberte was thus  
in Rome doinge his penaunce as is forsayde  
whiche dured leue yeres or there aboute in the Em  
perours courte. the whiche emperoure hadde a fayr  
te doughter. but she was borne dumble & neuer spa  
ke. & the emperours seneschall dyuerse tymes had de  
sired this doughter in maryage of the Emperoure  
but he wolde neuer graunte hym her. wherfore the  
seneschall was gretly moued and angry therwith  
the emperoure. for he thoughte he myght haue won  
of hym his empyre by force and myght in so moche  
the seneschal came vpon a tyme with a grete hoste  
of sarasyns & layde syege to þe cyte of Rome where  
of the emperour had grete maner. & wondred that  
the emperour gadred & assembled al þe lordes barons  
askynge of the counsell saynge thus. my lordes gyue  
me good counsell þe we maye withstonde this hethe  
dogges whiche haue layde syege here to oure. Cyte  
wherfore I take grete thoughte for they kepe all  
my londe vnder theyr subieccyon & they wyll brynge  
vs to confusion yf that god not of his endles mercy  
helpe vs not. wherfore I praye you euerychone to go  
fyght with them with al our power & myght & dy  
ue the away than answered the lordes & knyghtes  
all with one assente saynge souerayne lord your coun  
ceyll is good & wyse. Wherfore we be all redy to go  
with you. & gyue the batayle & defende our ryghte  
both londe & cyte the emperoure thanked the of this  
answere & was glad therof & made proclamation  
thorow out all his londes & cytees that euery man  
olde & yonge that were able to bere armes shold ma



he them redy to go fyght ayenst theyr moost cruell  
enmyes the sarasyns whiche were comen in to the  
londe. & incōtinent whan this proclamacyon was  
done amonge the comyns every man was wyllyns  
ge & redy to go with the emperour to fyght & defende  
theyr fyght and so they went forth in a fayre ordi  
nauce with the emperoure to fyght vpon theyr more  
cal enmyes the hethen dogges. And for all þ the em  
perour had moche mo people than the seneschal yet  
the seneschal had wonne the felde. hadde not god of  
his greute mercy sent theder Robert to resyste and  
helpe the romaynes in theyr extreme necessitye.

How our sauyour ihesu haupnge compassion on  
the crysten blod sente Robert by his aūgell a white  
hors & harneys cōmaūdinge hym to go resewe and  
helpe þ romayns ayenst þ hethē dogges þ sarasyns.

**T**he Emperour & the romayns wente to the  
batayle as sayd is ayenst the sarasyns. & ro  
berte was at home. Where he was accustomed to  
walke in the gardyne to a fontayne or well to drin  
ke. & this was on the same daye that the emperour  
with his hoste sholde gyue batayle ayenst the sara  
syns. than there came a voyce out of heuen sent fro  
me our lorde aboue saynge in this maner. Roberte  
god cōmaūdeth you by me that ye incōtynent arme  
you with this harneys and lyghte vpon this horse  
that god hath sente you. & ryde in all haste possyble  
and rescue the emperour & his people. Robert her  
ge the cōmaundement of god was abashed in his  
mynde. and durst not do ayenst goddes commaūde

ment but in cōtynent he armed hym & lepte on that  
hors without ony taryenge and rode his waye / the  
Emperours doughter whiche I tolde you of before  
stode at a wyndowe & sawe Roberte thus armed on  
hors backe than yf she coude haue spoken she wol  
de haue tolde it but she coude not speke for she was  
dumbe but she remembred and bare it surely in her  
mynde roberte thus hoist & harnayst rode in to them  
perours hoost whiche he sawe was sore overpressed  
with theyr enemyes the Turkes in so moche þ had  
not god & roberte rescued the þ crysten men had ben  
all slayne / but whā roberte was come in to the hoost he  
put hþ in þ moost presse of þ turkes & faught & laye  
de on eche syde on these cursed hōdes / there a man  
myght haue sene / armies / legges / heedes comble on  
the grounde / he smote to the grounde both hors & man  
þ neuer rose after / it was a worlde to se the murdre  
þ roberte dyde amonge the dampned dogges the sa  
ralyns / so to make short tale roberte dyde so moche  
þ the saralyns were cūstrayned to fflye awaye & the  
perour helde the felde & had the byctorye of them.

**T**How Roberte turned agayne to þ forsayd fontay  
ne & there vnarmed hþ / whan he had thus subdued  
& vanyquysshed þ saralyns & put them to flyght.

**N**ow hath the Empererour gotten þ felde &  
the honoure thanked be god & roberte is tur  
ned agayne to the sayd fontayne & there vnarmed  
hym & layde the harnays on the hors whiche in con  
tynent was vanysshed awaye þ no man coude kno  
we nor perceyue where he become and Roberte bode



styll stondynge by þ̄ fontayne / the emperours doughter  
seyng this had grete mervayll of this & wolde  
haue tolde it forth but she was dumble & coude not  
speke / roberte had a race in his face whiche he gotte  
in þ̄ batayll / but he was none other wyle hurte / the  
Emperour was glad & thanked god of his vyctory  
ayenst þ̄ false dogges þ̄ sarasyns & thus bryng me  
ry he came home to his palays & whan they were al  
set to dyner roberte presented h̄ selfe before the mpe  
rour as he was wonte to do playge þ̄ fole & makyn  
ge h̄ dōbe as a fore reherled is the emperour reioysed  
in h̄ selfe whan he se roberte for he loued h̄ passyn  
ge well & thā he perceyued roberts hurte in his face  
& thought þ̄ some of his seruaūtes had hurte hym  
whyle he was out / wherfore he was angry & sayd /  
here in this courte be some enuyous men / for whyle  
we haue ben out at batayle they haue beten & hurte  
this poore Innocente creature in his face whiche is  
grete synne for though he be a fole he doth no man  
harme so the emperour comaūded them all vpon a gre  
te payne þ̄ no man sholde do h̄ harme / yf they dy  
de they shold be punysched þ̄ all other shold beware  
by them / than the emperour began to axe his knygh  
tes yf there were ony of thē þ̄ coude tell of þ̄ knyght  
with the whyte hors þ̄ came preuely in to the felde &  
so valyaūty rescued thē the emperours doughter this  
bryng poynted the emperour her fader þ̄ it was ro  
berte / but the emperour vnderstode not what his dou  
ghter mente what she poynted / for she coude not spe  
ke / wherfore he called her maystres to hym & axed  
her what his doughter mente by her poyntyng / &

her maystresse answered and sayde your daughter  
menes by her pointynge that this daye ye haue got  
ten the bataylle and victoie thowde the helpe of  
poure sole robert & the race that is in his face he ha  
the gotten it in the batayle. the Emperoure vnder  
stondynge the mynde and intent of his daughter he  
was angry and sayde to her maysters. ye sholde tea  
che & lerne my daughter wysdome & no folye ne pe  
upshynesse wher with all I am myscontent the dought  
er seynge that her fader was angry pointed no mo  
re not withstondynge she wylt well that it was tre  
we that she pointed and mente for in as moche as  
she had sene þ aungell brynge hy the hois & harnais  
This remaynde in this wyle acerteine season and  
after that the sarasyns were put to flyghte by the  
romayns as sayde is yet came the seneschal agayne  
with moche more company & layde syege to Rome  
& the romaynes sholde haue lost the fylde ayen had  
not the knyghte on the white horse bene to whome  
god lent horse and harnays as he had done before  
to make shorte tale this knyght dyde so moche that  
the sarasyns were put to flyght & þ romayns wonne  
the felde & victoie as they dyde before. there were  
some of the emperours meyn layde wayte where  
this knyghte became. But as loone as the batayle  
was done he was gone nod man coude tell were he  
was become saue oonly the Emperours daughter  
whiche se hy at þ fontayne agayne vnarmynge hy

**¶** How Robert gatte the thyrde batayle as he dyde  
before whiche she keppe secreete.



**I**n a shorte tyme after this the seneschall coun-  
ned ageyne w<sup>th</sup> a moche greter power than he  
hadde before & layd spege to rome and yet þ<sup>e</sup> them-  
peroure rode to the batayle he commaunded his  
knyghtes & barones to take good hede fro whens  
that knyghte came w<sup>th</sup> the white horlle and what he  
was and where he became for he hadde grete desyre  
to knowe what he was / The knyghtes answered  
it sholde be done the daye came that they must ryde  
forth to the batayle and certeyne of þ<sup>e</sup> best knyghtes  
rode pryuely in to a wood that stode a lytell there be-  
syde & there they wayted whiche waye the knyghte  
on the white horlle sholde come to the batayle but  
they losse theyr labour for they coude not tell whens  
he come / But whan they sawe hym in the batayle  
they rode towarde him to helpe hym and receiue hys  
this same batayle was sore foughten on both par-  
tyes / but the sarasyns losse there courage for robert  
layde on so grete and myghty strokes that no mā  
myght stonde vnder his honde so that in conclusyō  
robert dyde so moche and so valyantly that the sa-  
rasyns were put to the dyscomfytur where of the  
Emperour was greatly enioyed and the seneschall  
with þ<sup>e</sup> sarasyns were passynge angry and sore mo-  
ued therwith all.

**H**ow one of the emperours knyghtes hurte Ro-  
bert in the thyghe with a spere.

**A**fter whā this batayle was done euery mā  
rode home and Roberte wolde haue coun-  
ned agayne to þ<sup>e</sup> fontayne to vuarne hys as he was

wente to do before/ but the foresayd knyghtes wes  
re turned agayne in to the wode/ to a wayte for the  
knyght with the whyte hors and whan they sawe  
hym come they rode all at ones out of the wode &  
cryed with a loude voycesaynge vnto hym. O nos  
ble knyght tarpe & speke with vs/ and tell vs who  
that ye be & whens & out of what londe ye come/ to  
the entent that we maye shewe it to the Emperour  
whiche specyally he desyreth for to knowe. Roberte  
this herynge was sore a shamed & smote his whyte  
te hors with his spours flyngynge ouer hylles and  
ouer valeyes for bycause he wolde not be knownen  
but there folowed hym a bolde knyght/ well horsed  
w a spere wenyng to haue kyllled his whyte hors  
but he myste and smote roberte in the thyghe with  
his spere/ and the spere heed brake of & stakke styll  
in his thyghe but yet for all this he coude gete no  
knowledge of the knyght with the whyte hors for he  
rode from them all euerychone/ wherof they were  
passynge soyr. Roberte rode so sore tyll at y last he  
came to the fontayne & vnarmed hym & layde the  
harnays on the hors as he had done before whiche  
in cōtyment was vanysshed awaye & gone & he drew  
out the spere heed out of his thyghe & hyd it by  
twene two grete stones by the fontayne than he lay  
de grece & molle vpon his wounde for he durst let no  
man loke therto/ for fere he sholde haue bene know  
en. And all this sawe & marked the Emperours  
doughter/ for bycause she se y Roberte was a fayre  
& wel fauoured yonge knyght she began to cast her  
loue vnto hym. And whan Roberte had dressed his



Wounde he came in to the halle / to gete hym some  
mete & he halted as lytel as he coude & kepte it secre  
tely & almoost no man coude perceyue it & suffred  
more payne a thousande tymes thā it semed by hy  
Shortly after this came home þ knyght þ had hur  
te Roberte. And began to recoūte to thēperour how  
the knyghte w the whyte hors had out ryden hy &  
how he had hurte hy lore ayenst his wyll. And sayd  
to þ Emperour. I beseeche you my lord Emperour  
here what I shall tell you how / and in what maner  
ye shall knowe who he is that hath holpen you it is  
best ye make a proclamacyon & publysh thughe  
out your Empyre / & yf there be ony knyght in why  
te harnays and a whyte hors that he be brought to  
your ptesence and that he brynge with hym the spe  
re heed where with all he was hurte in his thyghe  
shewynge the wounde / & þ ye gyue hym your dought  
er to wyfe and halfe your Empyre with her / then  
perour this herynge was of his counseyll very glad  
and in contynent in all haste proclaimed and puply  
shed thughe out all his Empyre and thought that  
the knyght had gyuen hym good counseyll.

How the Seneschall thurst a spere heed in to his  
thyghe wenynge to haue begyled theemperour and  
to haue wonne his doughter therby.

**I**t befell in shorte tyme after þ the Seneschal  
hadde knowlege and vnderstandynge of the  
Emperoures proclamacyon and howe he myghte  
wyne theemperoures doughter whiche he had ma  
ny tymes bene aboute he dyde grete dyligence and

caused to be sought & gotten a whyte hors and whyte  
te barnays & chryste a spere heed in his thyghe wed  
nyng therby to deceyue thempereure and to gete  
his doughter to wyfe / and whan this was done he  
commaunded all his men to arme theym and rode  
with hym to the Emperour and he rode so sore tyll  
he came to Rome with grete royalte and solace &  
without ony tarpenge he rode streyght to the Em  
perour saynge to hym in this wyse / my lord I am  
he that you so valyauntly many tymes receyued thre  
tymes I haue caused you to haue honour & vyctory  
ayenst the cursed saralyns / thempereur thynge  
vpon no treason nor dyslepte sayd ye be a valyaunt  
& a wyse knyght but I had wente the contrarye for  
we haue taken you for a vplayne and a foil worne  
knyght / the Seneschall was very angry & sore mo  
ued here withall and answered thempereur shortly  
and angerly / my lord Emperour meruayll you no  
thyng here of for I am not suche a cowarde as ye  
wene that I be & thus saynge he toke out the spere  
heed and shewed it the Emperoure and vncouered  
the wounde the whiche he had made hym selfe in  
his thyghe the knyght stode by whiche that hurte  
Roberte before and began to copasse in his mynde  
for he se well þ it was not the heed of the spere but  
he durst saye nothyng for fere lest the Seneschall  
wolde haue kyllled hy we wyll leue now of the Se  
neschall & speke of Roberte whiche is amonge dog  
ges sore wounded as ye haue herde.

¶ How god sente his aungell to the heremyte þ he



sholde go to rome and seke Roberte for he had full  
done his penaunce.

**T**he heremyte whiche ye haue herde of before  
that shroue and sette Roberte his penaunce  
laye on a nyght in his selle and slepte and thus sle  
pyng there came to hym a voyce / and badde hym  
lyghly a ryse and go to Rome to the place where  
Roberte was doyng his penaunce / and the aun  
gell tolde the heremyte all the doynges of Roberte  
shewyng how that his penaunce was ful done and  
that god hadde forgyuen hym his synnes wherof  
the heremyte was verye gladde and in the mornyn  
geerly he rose and wente to Romewarde / and in  
lyke wyse in the same mornynge the Seneshal rose  
be tyne and wente to Rome to the Emperoure to  
desyre and haue his doughter accordyng to the pu  
blycacyon and crye / the whiche the Emperour con  
sented her to hym without ony longe aduysment /  
But whan the doughter vnderstode that she was  
gyuen to the Seneshall she raylled and raged as  
though she hadde ben wood and madde she tare her  
here from her heed and all to fore her clothes but it  
myght nothyng auayll her for she was constray  
ned and must be arayed lyke a bryde and an Em  
peroures doughter whiche sholde be maryed and  
the Emperour ladde her by the hande hymselfe to  
the chyrche royally accompnied with lordes and  
ladys and gentylwomen but the doughter made  
the grettest sorowe of the worlde in so moche that no  
man coude content her mynde.

**T**how the Emperours daughter thughe the grace of god began for to speke the fyrst that euer she spake in her lyfe.

**T**han as the Emperour with all his estate was come in to the chyrche the Emperours daughter whiche was dumbe sholde marve the Seneshall there dyde our lord a fayre myracle for the loue of the holy man Roberte to the entente he sholde be exalted / whome euery body helde for a sole and with hym mocked whan the preest sholde begyn the seruyce & to marve the Seneshall and this yonge mayde togyder / the daughter thouroughe the grace of god began to speke to the Emperour her fader in this wyse / fader I holde you not wyse but fer ouer sene in that ye byleue / that this proude follythe traytour telleth you / for all that he telleth you it lyes / but here in this towne is a holy and deuoute persone / for whose sake god hath gyuen me my speche wherfore I loue hym in my herte for I haue all waye sene and marked his valyaunce and holynes but noo man wolde byleue me what poyntynges or sygnes that I made / than the Emperour this he ryge was almoost out of his mynde for Joye whan he herde his daughter speke whiche neuer spake before / wherby he knewe well ynoughe the Seneshal had betrayed and deceyued hym / the Seneshal this herpyng was wood angry and foule ashamed and lyghte vpon his hors and rode awaye and all his compayne the pope there beyng present axed the mayde who the man was that she spoke of / than the mayde ladde the pope and the Emperoure her



fader to the fontayne where Roberte was wonte to  
arme and vnarme hym and there she toke out the  
spere heed from bytwene the two stones where Ro-  
berte had hydde it / and than she caused the spere to  
be brought forth where of this heed was broken /  
whiche was lyghtly broughte to her and that heed  
& the spere Joyned togyder in one as cles as they  
had not be broken / than sayd the mayde to the pope  
we haue had thre tymes vyctorye by his noble va-  
lyaunce ayenst the mylcreaunt Saralyns / for I ha-  
ue thre tymes sene his hors and harnays wher with  
he hath thre tymes armed and vnarmed hym / but  
I can not tell who brought hym that hors and har-  
nays nor vnto whome he delyuered it / but I knowe  
well that whan he hadde done he layde hym selfe  
downe by the dogges / and the mayden sayd vnto  
the Emperour her fader in this wyle / this is he that  
hath saued your londes and your honoure and gas-  
te you vyctorye of the hechen houndes the Saralyns  
wherfore ye ought of deute to rewarde hym / and yf  
it please you we wyll go all to hym and speke with  
hym / than wente they for the pope the Emperour  
and the doughter with all the Lordes and Ladyes  
vnto Roberte whome they founde lyenge amonge  
dogges they folowed hym and dyde hym reuerence  
but Roberte answered them not.

**H**ow the heremyte foude Roberte and commaun-  
ded hym to speke saynge to hym that his penaunce  
was full done and his synnes forgyuen.



**T**he Emperoure spake to Roberte & sayd I  
 praye you swete frende come to me & shewe  
 me youre thynghe for I wyll nedes se/whan  
 Roberte herde theperour saye these wordes he wylt  
 well ynoughe wherfore he was comen to hy/ but he  
 lete hy as thoughe he had not vnderstonen hym &  
 Roberte dyde many madde conceytes to make the  
 pope & theperour to laughe & forgate þ they spo-  
 ke of/ but the pope spake to Roberte & coured hym  
 in þ name of god þ on the crosse dyed for our redem-  
 cyon that yf it be goddes wyll þ thou hast spoken þ  
 thou speke now vnto vs/ and than Roberte rose vp



tyhe a tole and gaue the pope his blesſyge and here  
withall Roberte loked behynde hym & ſawe the he  
remyte that ſet hym his penaunce & as ſoone as the  
heremyte ſe Roberte whiche he had longe ſought he  
cryed to hym w a loude voyce & euery man myght  
here hē that were there my frende harken vnto me  
I knowe well that ye be Roberte that men calle the  
deuyll but now ye be in grace and concepte with al  
myghty god and for that foule and hydeous name  
ye ſhall haue a fayre name & be called the ſeruaunt  
of god ye be he that hath ſaued this londe from the  
Saracyns/wherfore I praye you that ye ſerue and  
worſhypp god as ye haue done hyder to/for our lorde  
ſendeth me now to you comaundyng you to ſpeke  
and no more to counterfeit the ſole/for it is goddes  
wyl & comaūdemēt/for he hath forgyuen you all  
your synnes for bycauſe ye haue made ſatysfaction  
& ful done your penaunce/whan Roberte herde this  
he fell lyghly on his knees & lyfte vp his hondes  
towards heuen ſayng thus. I gyue laude & than  
kes to god creature of heuen & erth & it hath pleas  
ed the to forgyue me myne abhomynable & grete  
synnes thughe ſo lytell & lyght penaunce & I haue  
done therfore/whan the pope the Emperour & the  
doughter & all & were there preſente herde Roberte  
ſpeke thus ſweteſy they were all here of greteſy en  
ioyed & had grete meruayll here of/thenperour ſe  
yng his noble valpaunce vertue & curtel ye that in  
hym was & wolde haue gyuen hym his doughter to  
wyf/but & heremyte wolde not it ſholde be ſo/wher  
fore euery man departed and wente home.

**E** howe Roberte tourned agayne to Rome for to  
marrye the Emperours doughter by the commaun-  
dement and wyll of god.

**N**ow the storie telleth as after that Roberte  
had remysyon of his synnes & was gone to  
warde his countre/ than out of Rome god comaun-  
ded hym thre tymes by an aungell that he sholde  
tourne agayne to Rome and to marrye the Empe-  
rours doughter whiche loued hym passyngly well  
and he sholde haue by her a sone wherby the crysten  
byleue sholde be encreased and fortefyed and defen-  
ded Roberte at the comaundement of god tourned  
agayne to Rome and married theemperours dough-  
ter with grete tryumphe & solace/ for theemperour &  
all the Romayns were therof very gladd/ this bry-  
dale was royally kepte and euery man that se Ro-  
berte loued and lybed hym aboue all other/ and the  
people sayd one to an other that they were gretely  
beholdynge to Roberte that he had redeemed them  
from theyr mortall enmyes the sarasyns this feest  
was grete and notable and deured .xiiii. dayes and  
whan the feest and brydale was done Roberte wol-  
de departe with his lady in to Normandye to visy-  
te his fader and moder/ and toke his leue of the em-  
perour whiche gaue hym many royall and greafe  
gyftes as gold & syluer & precyous stones of dyuers  
colours/ also theemperour gaue hym knyghtes and  
squieres to ryde & conduyte hym in to his countre.

**E** how Roberte & his lady came to rowane in Nor-  
mandye with grete honour and worshyp.



**R**oberte & his lady rode so ferte tyll they ca-  
me in to Normandye in to the noble Cyte of  
rowane with grete myrth & solace / where they were  
receyued with greate tryumphe for the comynters  
of the countre were sorpe and in grete heuynes that  
theyr duke. Robertes fader was dysceled forbycau-  
se h he was a wyle and a renomed prynce. A lytell  
belyde Rowane dwelled a curled knyghte whiche  
had done the duchesse grete wronge and suppressed  
many knyghtes after her husbondes dysceale. But  
whan Roberte was comen euery man drad hym &  
dyde hym grete reuerence and worshyp / than some  
sayd we wende he had ben deed and all the lordes  
and burgeys of Rowane gadied them togyder and  
with greate honoure and reuerence they receyued  
Roberte and helde hym as theyr lorde and soueray-  
ne. And whan they had receyued hym honourably  
they shewed hym of this before sayd knyghte / he  
had many tymes suppressle & done wronge to his  
moder sythen the dech of his fader / than whan ro-  
berte herde & vnderstode this he sente lyghly men  
of armes to take the sayd knyght / the whiche dy-  
den so moche that they toke hym / and brought hys  
to Roberte whiche made hym to be hanged where  
fore the duches was ryght gladde / but she was mo-  
che more gladder that Roberte her sone was come  
home for she wende he had ben deed / & whan rober-  
te and his moder were thus togyder / he recounted  
vnto her howe the Emperoure hadde gyuen hym  
his doughter in maryage / and how he hadde done  
his penaunce / the duchesse herynge her sones worz

des she began to wepe very sore / for bycause he had  
suffred so grete pouerte and penaunce / thorough  
his defaute.

**H**ow the Emperour sente a messenger vnto the  
duke Roberte that he sholde come and rescue hym  
ayenst the Seneschall.

**I**n the meane season whyles Robert was thus  
at Rowane with his moder and his ladye in  
grete Joye and solace / there came a messenger fro  
the Emperour vnto Roberte / whiche dyde hym re  
uerence and saynge thus vnto hym / my lord duke  
the Emperour hath sente me hyther to you and he  
prayeth you for to come and rescue hym ayenst the  
falle traytoure the Seneschall w<sup>th</sup> the Saracyns whi  
che haue layde syege to Rome / whan Roberte her  
de these wordes he was sorre in his mynde for the em  
perour / and shortly assembled as many men of ar  
mes as he coude gete in his londe of Normandy / &  
forth withall rode with them towarde Rome to hel  
pe and socoure the Emperoure / but before he cou  
de come thyder the falle traytoure the Seneschal had  
slayne the Emperour / whiche was grete pite / but  
Robert wente streyght in to Rome / & lyghely with  
all his power and myght wente ayenst the Senes  
chall. And whan Roberte aspyed the falle traytoure  
he despayred h<sup>y</sup> saynge thus / abyde thou falle traya  
toure / now thou shalte neuer escape my bondes yf  
thou abyde me in the felde / for thou arte now nygh  
thy lyues ende / thou dydest put ones a spere heed in  
thy thygge for to haue deceyued y<sup>e</sup> Romayns / defen



denow thy lyfe ayenst me for thou shalt neuer escape myn hondes / and thou hast also slayne my lorde the Emperour / wherfore thou shalt be well rewarded after that thou hast deserued. And with these wordes Roberte with a greate desyre / and myghty courage rode in contynent vnto the Seneshall and gaue hym suche a stroke on the helmette that he cloue helmet and heed vnto the teeth / and in contynent the traytoure fell downe deed vnto the erth / and Roberte made hym to be brought in to Rome to the sentence that he sholde there be slayne to reuenge the romaynes / the whiche was done in the presence of all the people that were in Rome / and in this wyse fulfilled that traytoure the Seneshall his lyfe and had a shamfull deeth / wherby men maye make and take hede that it is greate folye to couepte or desyre thynges passynge theyr degre / for & the Seneshall had not desyred the Emperours doughter the whiche passed and exceded ferre aboue his degre / he had not dyed this shamful deeth / but myght haue lyued and the Emperour also / & haue dyed good frendes.

How þ the duke Roberte tourned agayne to Rowane after he had made the Seneshal to be slayne.

**R**oberte the duke defended the cyte of Rome from theyr enemyes. And than he tourned agayne with all his companye vnto Rowane to his wyfe whiche was passynge sorowfull and pensyfe. But whan she herde þ the traytoure the Seneshall hadde slayne her fader / she was almoost out of her mynde. But Robertes moder comforted her in the

best maner that she coude or myght. And for to ma  
ke shortly an ende of our matre & so to fynyshe this  
booke we wyll lette passe to wyte of the grete dolc  
and sorowe of the yonge duchesse / and speke of the  
duke Roberte whiche in his yowth was abte to all  
myschefe and vyce and all vngtracyousnes without  
ony measure or reason for he was a more deuourer  
and a more vengeable than ony lyon nothynge spa  
rynge / nor on no man hauynge mercy nor pyte. And  
after this he lyued. vii. yere in grete penaunce lyke  
a wylde man without ony speche and lyke a dumbe  
best etynge and drynkynge with dogges and the  
re after was he exalted and honoured of them whi  
che before dyde holde hym for a fole / for an innocent  
and mocked with hym. This Roberte lyued longe  
in vertue and honoure with that noble lady his  
wyfe / and he was beloued and dradde of hygh and  
lowe degre / for he dyde ryght and Justyce / as well  
ouer the ryche as ouer the pooze keepynge his londe  
in reste and in peace / and he begotte a chylde with  
her / the whiche he called Rycharde / whiche dyde  
afterwarde many noble actes and dedes of armes  
with grete Charlemayne kynge of fraunce / for he  
dyde helpe hym for to gete and fortifye the crysten  
fayth and he made alwayes grete warre vpon the  
Saracyns. And he lyued in his londe in reste & pea  
ce / and was beloued of pooze and ryche / and all his  
comente loued hym / in lyke wyse as Roberte his fa  
der was beloued / for they lyued both deuoutly and  
in vertue / wherfore I praye god that we may so ly  
ue in this lyfe / that after this lyfe we may optayne



and come to euerlastyng lyfe. To the whiche bryn  
ge vs he / that bought vs and all mankynde / with  
his precyous blode & bytter passyon. Amen.

Thus endeth the lyfe of Robert the deuyl.  
That was the seruaunt of our lord  
And of his condycyons that was full euyl.  
Enprynted in London by Wynkyn the worde.

Here endeth the lyfe of the moost ferefullest / and  
vnmerycyfullest / and myscheuous Roberte the de  
uyl whiche was afterwarde called the seruaunte  
of our lord Ihesu cryst. Enprynted in fletestrete in  
the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de worde.